

THE  
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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VOL. 7.

AUGUST, 1850.

NO. 8.

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RELATIONSHIPS.

A SCHOOL-GIRL once exclaimed sorrowfully, "I am the only girl in this school who never had a cousin!"—A Scotch girl who sat opposite, exclaimed compassionately, "And I have dozens!—but they are all in the old country!" she added with a sigh.

Domestic life receives its tribute from almost every pen, if not from every heart. Parental, filial, and conjugal affection, have lifted thousands of souls towards Him who hath "set the solitary in families," hath placed the weak where they may cling to the strong, and hath woven and interwoven life with life so that their joys and sorrows are common. The pious are made more pious by the influences of a happy household. Night and morning the devout heart thanks God for a loving parent, for a tender husband or wife, for its idolized children. The tempted one is held back, the wanderer is brought back, by the power of these close ties; and if the seemingly lost sinner pleads, "I had not a happy home," we acknowledge the strength of his plea. All literature teems and glows with testimony to the beauty, the holiness, the dominion of these few and simple bonds, invisible and mysterious, by which the *family* is made one whole. But who thanks God for the immense amount of happiness growing out of other and remote relationships? With how little seriousness or respect do many speak of those other ties of con-

sanguinity, just as truly compacted by the same mighty and benevolent Hand?

And yet there is joy, beauty, usefulness and blessing in them all. Few can look back upon childhood without remembering the perfect delight of going to visit a grandparent, or of welcoming the grandparent to the parental roof. Between old age and childhood there would seem to be no natural sympathy; yet the withered face of grandmamma with its cap and spectacles, soon becomes dear to the large-eyed gazing infant; and the tottering child loves to hold by the old grandfather's finger as he paces soberly along, and the two listen to each other's tales with patience and pleasure. It is a strange mystery, this fondness for children's children, a compound feeling, containing something more than the parental, yet less. Something of the painful responsibility which weighs on the parent's heart is not there; and so there is apt to be an undue indulgence, well-known by the intervening, wise parent. Of what nature the feeling would be, if a man could live to see his descendants for many a generation, we know not; Scripture records say nothing on that point, and we apprehend an indifference, very much like that with which we now regard an unborn and inconceivable posterity, would be the result. To our imagination there is something preposterous and ludicrous in the idea of a man's loving his great-grand-child's grand-child.

But that old age ceases to be "dark and unlovely" through the influence of playful, loving grand-children, upon the aged, is a familiar fact; and the tears are bright, in the sight of Heaven, which trickle over young rosy cheeks when the silver hairs of a grand-parent are covered from their sight; and they bear witness—silent, unaffected tears!—that the long life had not been too long.

Some gay children were questioning each other of what they would desire to be when they "grew up," and one said, "I will be a schoolmistress," and another little romp would be a traveller; and another industrious little thing would be a milliner, and another a *fairy*. At last, a six-year old child turned her eyes affectionately on the venerable figure seated in the rocking-chair by the window, and whispered, "I hope I shall be a grandmother." Then there are the side-long

leaps of affection ; the knight's moves, as it were, on the chess-board of life. Oh ! the dismal void which is filled up in the heart of a single woman by a brother's or sister's child ! Precious, even if we have children of our own ; but if we have not, can we help feeling that in the nephew or neice, God has intended to give our hearts a compensation ? The worn and weary mother of a large family looks about her in vain for one friend or servant from whom with perfect propriety and in perfect confidence, she may expect help in her maternal duties. Who will so love these little ones, that in her sick chamber, or in her press of duties, or her brief journey for necessary recreation, she may rest assured they will be cared for, as if a mother's eye were upon them ? Meekly steps forward the maiden sister, and in all quietness takes up the mother's burden, and the little family clusters rejoicing about the beloved aunt, and all goes well. She loves, she is beloved, she is useful, she is happy. Her self-respect grows, her heart is kept warm, she feels that she has an influence and a responsibility, a noble place in God's creation. It is she who takes the new born infant into her arms, and seeks to trace the features of a darling brother or sister ; it is she who hushes its wailings when the mother needs rest, who beguiles away the older and noisier children from that attractive object — the cradle, — where a babe lies sleeping ; it is she who whispers soothing words to the passionate boy, and tells the young girl pleasant stories of the days when the mother and aunt were girls together ; or if they be a brother's children, she lives over again with them the days of her own youth and sisterhood, and that brother forgets to utter the thoughtless jest with which men love to taunt the old maid.

And if she too have all the cares of married life upon her, what sympathy then between her and the other members of her family ! with what interest does each watch the domestic concerns of the other ! how fully and frankly they compare their experiences, and observe resemblances in the young creatures growing up with the same blood coursing in their veins, and how tenderly do they cherish these natural intimacies, till the cousins are almost brothers and sisters.

And the bachelor-uncle ! we doubt if there is any more redeeming influence exerted than that of children upon the

unmarried man whom they call uncle. His solitary heart would grow selfish without them; but he cannot resist the smiles with which they welcome him to the loving circle; he is proud of them, he is kept along with the age by them, he delights in showing the half-forgotten courtesy of his youth to his pure-minded, blooming neices, and in bestowing on his nephews counsels that may be the more heeded because they come not austere with parental authority. And if it please God that the young creatures with whom he has frolicked from their cradles, shall be left orphans, then he solemnly feels that he is bidden from on High to be towards them an earthly father; delegated duty falls to him with the full power and blessing of duty. Life assumes a new and more interesting aspect; anxieties may come, but they have their reward, and the childless, wifeless old man will not pass unmourned to his rest.

Cousins too! what a beautiful relationship! personal resemblances often stronger than those between brothers and sisters, indicate that this is a strong tie in the eyes of our Maker. It is variable in character, not so inexorably binding as the nearer bonds of blood, conveniently modified by opportunity of intercourse, and by sympathy of tastes. One cousin is to us as a brother or sister, another is almost a stranger,—yet not quite, and never can be. Some common interest there must ever be; some names that when uttered will touch both hearts. And when the cousins grow up in habits of loving intimacy, what a *comfortable* intercourse it is! what freedom, with just enough of wholesome restraint to give it a charm! especially between cousins of different sexes. Then it is that the refining power of female influence is sometimes experienced in one of its most beautiful forms, and both parties are stimulated to excellence by an unconscious concern for the appreciation of the other. The idle gossip of the world may not touch it; cold prudence smiles kindly upon it; parental fondness cherishes it; and it proves a bond that strengthens as years pass away, filling up the vacancies, perhaps, which Death leaves desolate when he calls brothers and sisters from our side. Who can wonder that sometimes, out of its opportunities of thorough acquaintance, and its respectful affection, and its delicate intercourse,



and gradual assimilation of tastes, there should grow up the most rational and happiest of unions? How can any so mis-translate Nature as to believe that she has forbidden it.

To us it is one charm in Scottish and Irish life that the links which bind the children of brothers and sisters, the descendants of common grand-parents, are there kept so fresh and green. Green amidst dreary poverty, fresh perhaps with the dew of tears, strong enough to stretch across the broad ocean, why should they be so mocked? We reverence the stout Irish girl, whose hard hand toils in our service, not only that she may bring father and mother, brother and sister to a land where industry never *quite* starves, but that she may clothe the ragged cousin, or possibly pay board for a cousin's child till work and a home are found.

God be thanked for the ever-varying forms in which human affection brings human happiness! God give us the power to find the habit of seeking everywhere wonderful tokens of his thoughtful affection, re-appearing about us, as various in the moral as in the natural world.

L. J. H.

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## CHRIST FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

A PICTURE LESSON.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

IN each of the Evangelists, we have a picture of our Saviour feeding the multitude in a miraculous manner. Even John whose gaze was devoted rather to the inward miracle of his dear Master's life, than to the outward wonders that signalized his Ministry, even John fails not to narrate the story, connecting it, as his custom was, with one of those beautiful lessons, which he so well remembered, and so faithfully recorded. It is a narrative which makes a large demand upon our faith, but we look for such demands when Jesus and the

Book of his Revelations are before us. Miracles are in place in his history.

Primarily and chiefly, the wonderful facts were valuable as evidences of the Power and Love of Jesus. They are still valuable in this way. And they also serve another purpose altogether secondary, yet by no means unimportant. They form a part of that beautiful picture language, with which the pages of Scripture are crowded. The Book of Revelation, like the Book of Nature, teaches us indirectly as well as directly, by beautiful illustrations, as well as by plain lessons. The truth of the Great Being who lives in all things, rays out at every point. Things material seem to be spiritual. Light becomes Truth; and Heat becomes Love, and the falling shower sweet heavenly influence. Accidental circumstances are seen to be the appointments of Divine wisdom, and even the stones are not voiceless. Every act of the Almighty Father, every deed of his hand, may illustrate to thoughtful souls one of his attributes. His presence in the work leads us to seek for higher meanings, and to regard not so much the object which is seen, as the unseen truth which it images.

Under this aspect, the stories of Christ feeding the multitude are now presented to me. From all their details, in their particulars seemingly unimportant, they illustrate valuable Christian truths; our Saviour's ministry to the famishing body reminds us of his tender care, of his untiring effort, of his devoted, disinterested regard for the famishing soul. It is no longer only Christ dividing the loaves and fishes amongst the hungry multitude, it is the Saviour communicating his doctrine which is life to needy human minds, the world over. So we will read the tale of wonder.

1. Who are the multitude — the four thousand in the one case, the five thousand in the other case? The whole world, men and women of all conditions and ages, the prosperous and the unfortunate. Amongst human teachers there are diversities of gifts and purposes: one imparts instruction in this, and another in a different department of knowledge. Christ teaches all spiritual truth to all. In that multitude, there were no two faces precisely alike, no two minds of the same constitution, no two hearts that beat entirely in unison;

but as their bodies were alike subject to the call of hunger, so they all needed the Divine wisdom, one yet various, of the Blessed Lord. The whole world will in the end come to Christ, some for the loaves and fishes, — even they were compelled to acknowledge his greatness, some to enjoy the miracles of his love. There will be the sick and the maimed, those whom trouble has broken down and disheartened, there will be the blind and the lame, and the children of joy likewise. It is the multitude, not a few learned, not a few rich, not a few simple-minded persons, not a few unfortunates, but even the great mass of mankind, the active, restless, thronging multitude, all who can do and suffer, all who can love and hate, all who can soar to Heaven or sink to Hell. Out of cities and villages they press and shall press about the Master, and his spiritual bread shall be as real to their souls, as those loaves and fishes were real to that famishing crowd. Those who are sunk in a life of sensuality and worldliness fancy that they have no need of Christianity, although, for the sake of the world's opinion, they accord to it decent respect, but they belong to the multitude, and must be fed with them.

2. It is a desert place, and the day is far spent, send the multitude away, that they may find bread. No, said the Saviour, their need is my opportunity. The desert is the world, and the day is its long life, from the first short season of innocence to the time of advanced civilization and confirmed sinfulness. It is a multitude without food, and with no time left in which to seek it. It is a world of men without nourishing truth, unable to journey to the cities of the prophets, distant and few, where it can be obtained, needing something this very hour, because for many long centuries evil has committed fearful ravages, and it is time that these ravages were stayed. Had Christ never lived, the world had still been on its way in search of the truth, sick-hearted and faint, with fruitless journeyings. The world, before it can be fully benefited by Christ, must be conscious of a deep spiritual want, feeling that, notwithstanding civilization, that is but a desert place, where the power of the Gospel is not felt, where its lovely flowers do not bloom and shed fragrance. The reason why comparatively few souls are fed by the Saviour is this, that comparatively few souls crave the bread which he

gives. They find the world anything but a desert, and they are deeply interested to gain that which after all is not bread. But if barrenness and wild beasts make a desert, do we not live in one? Are not our souls dying from hunger, faint, puny, inefficient, spiritless, simply because we have not fed them as we have fed our bodies? Outward prosperity hides inward poverty, and the living flesh veils from us the sinking, failing spirit. Here are the Christ, the multitude, the desert and the declining sun; may God send a famine in the land not a famine of bread, not a thirst of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.

3. There is a lad here, that has five barley loaves and two small fishes. The multitude must bring something to the Saviour. He will take their little to give it back to them increased a thousand fold. But they must have this little, — under the Old Covenant the handful of meal and the cruise of oil, under the new covenant a few loaves and fishes, nothing compared with what Divine Power will effect, yet a basis and ground of operation. Their error is a very serious one, who suppose that the human soul brings nothing to Christ, no germ of goodness, no heavenward tendency, no spark of light, no longing for purity. They who so believe, virtually though unconsciously, hold that there is no Father, but only a Saviour, no spirit of the Father, never wholly removed from the human heart. You must carry something to Christ though it be only a little. There is that in the constitution and condition of our souls which fits us all, whether we be thoughtless youths or hardened men of the world, to receive the Saviour's large gifts. It is within us, this latent preparation, and it must be brought out. Men suppose that they have no souls, because their souls have not made themselves felt. But sorrow and all the hard experience of the world teach them better, and they take their little to Christ to gain his blessing. It is a cause of amazement and of sad discouragement, that truth is so ineffectual, and we are ready to blame our Gospel, our forms of faith, and modes of worship. A little labor spent by each one of us upon his own soul, a turning of the eye inward would go far to meet the difficulty. No soul is poor and cold save by its own choice. God is near unto us all to lead us to Christ.

4. "But what are they amongst so many?" It was the question of ignorance. He who proposed it neither understood the purpose, nor appreciated the power of Christ. The means, he thought, were wholly inadequate to the end. And there prevails the same faithlessness with reference to the spiritual offices of our Lord. The means seem too simple, the multitude of sinners too great, the moral and spiritual life of the world too slender. We forget that it is Christ who breaks the bread, we forget that one greater than the largest multitude is present. Under his influence our spiritual wealth increases, just as the bread failed not in his wonder-working hands, though he continually imparted of it to the multitude. We often feel about the world, just as the disciples felt about that throng. I do not think that there is a hearty persuasion on the part of many persons, that Christ will be able to work this last miracle, this continued miracle of spiritual nourishment. It is to be feared that many persons profess confidence in these simple means, only to excuse themselves from employing other means which are urged by some sincere friends of humanity outside of the Church. The world has been so long kept away from Gospel Christianity that few persons realize how powerful is its influence, when it is allowed a free approach to the heart. In their distrust and impatience, they are ready to resort to half truths, to doubtful measures, to ways apparently more expedient, certainly less excellent, and so by making haste in the wrong direction, they have only steps to retrace, work to undo, they do not nourish but only sicken the soul. We need no bread save that which came down from Heaven. When this plain food is offered, there will be those who will be sent empty away, finding none of the husks of tradition, for which alone they have an appetite, but they will the sooner learn that they are hungry, and seek that which is truly bread. A steady, persistent Christian simplicity would soon show what nutriment there is in the Gospel.

5. "And when Jesus had given thanks, he distributed the bread." Even in that high wondrous act, our Lord confesses his dependence upon One greater. Doubtless it was a real act of devotion, a sincere thanksgiving, not an address to Himself, not a solemn farce. It was the Saviour giving thanks

to his God. And so when he imparts spiritual food it is by himself, but of the Father. The Father is the Source, the Son is the Way. As he thanked God for that bread, so we should thank God for His Truth. And moreover as that bread was given to the multitude through the disciples, so the Truth also has come to us through their faithful ministry. If they were not reliable, if they were visionary, superstitious, fanatical men, or careless historians, then we have no heavenly bread, then some baser material has been put into its place, which cannot be multiplied, and which cannot nourish. And thus, in some sense, until the end shall come, must heavenly bread be distributed. We must gain from Christ the true food, and be disciples to distribute it amongst the brethren. Just so surely as you receive aught quickening and sustaining, from him, you will of necessity have a share in that spiritual miracle of re-creation which goes forward surely, though slowly. Be a disciple, a true humble learner, and the multitude around you will be fed; Christian truth and love within you will as certainly operate about you, as the great sun and the clouds heavy with soft rain will call out flowers of beauty and fruits to strengthen man's heart. Disciples are needed to stand between Christ and the heedless multitude, who shall find the chief joy of life in receiving and imparting. There is the Christ and there is the bread, and there the multitude. May the Lord of the harvest multiply faithful laborers, that the fruits may be gathered in.

6. "And they did all eat and were filled, and took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full." When the children of Israel gather manna, when the multitude receive bread from Jesus, there is no lack; so is it likewise, when God and Christ open their treasure-house of Truth. When we are bestowing earthly gifts, we must reserve something for ourselves, that we may not be in the end burdensome to others, and presently there must be this limit to our kindness, and though we may come with full hearts, our hands are nevertheless empty. But Truth suffers no such diminution through a bestowal of its treasures. All the lights in the world are kindled from the one great sun, but whilst there is more light upon the earth, there is no less in Heaven. Indeed, each mind that receives the wisdom of God, becomes a

new witness unto its beauty, and actualizes it afresh. We cannot add unto God, for infinity knows no increase; but the will to receive and the desire to impart open His treasure-house ever anew, and reveal the Truth upon earth under a new form. Each humblest individual in that vast multitude received as much as he would. So shall it be with needful heavenly food. Our souls are not starved because doubt is the necessary condition of humanity, because our minds are feeble, or because divine knowledge is for a favored few, but because we will not accept the food which the Lord hath provided. The limit is not in the Gospel, but in ourselves. The table of the Master groans with its rich burden.

7. "Of the fragments that remained they gathered twelve baskets full?" Each disciple received more than was needed. Each earnest receptive soul becomes full to overflowing. True discipleship and poverty are incompatible. So far is it from being true that the wealth of the spirit is not adequate to our earthly wants, that we may carry with us into other worlds a mind and heart prepared for heavenly enterprises.

8. One Lesson more. The hunger of that multitude would not have been satisfied, had the Saviour only displayed before their eyes a vast pile of food miraculously provided. They must eat in order to be nourished, and the food must be assimilated with their frames, and made a part of themselves, it must be conveyed along the channels of the body to every part of the system. So must the truth be received into the mind and remain there, and become a part of its inmost being, and regulate its whole activity, and enrich and strengthen every faculty. Thus under Divine blessing the mind saves itself and becomes the author of its own joy. Long enough have we looked at the Truth; even such a vision will not save us.

Thus the great miracle of the mighty wonder-worker is translated into a great parable of the true Teacher, an everlasting symbol by which the truth concerning Divine Nurture is imaged. It is not the work of fancy. It is the influence of the great soul of Jesus upon the simplest words which his lips framed, upon the very objects which his hands handled. When he is near all material things are spiritualized. Can



we avoid translating bread into truth; can we avoid looking through the body to the soul?

The Lord still hath compassion on the multitude. His mighty heart still yearns towards them. He sees that they are too often sheep without a shepherd. He sees that they are famishing and faint. Let them gather about him in faith, and may the living bread which his hand bestows, strengthen their feeble souls.

### LINES

#### TO TWO BOYS CHASING THE RAINBOW.

Aye! chase the rainbow, merry boys,  
And gaze upon its beam,  
And strive from far to catch the rays  
Beyond that liquid stream.

They told me in my childish days  
That 'neath yon arch of gold,  
If I would "go and find the end,"  
I'd "gather wealth untold."

I roved fast over hill, and dell,  
O'er brooklet, briar, and stone;  
Still farther seemed it from my grasp, —  
Or else the arch had gone.

And thus it is, our childish aims  
Are plumed with rainbow light,  
And youth's wild dreams still lure us on  
With promises as bright.

The dark and bright together wove,  
But in harmonious whole;  
And oh, may naught but heavenly rays  
E'er rest on either soul.

But e'er may youth and manhood too  
Have rainbows to beguile —  
And ever may the sun of Peace  
On Virtue's tear-drops smile.

Aye! ever from Life's varied rays  
Retain the better part; —  
A mother's love spans over you,  
The Rainbow of the Heart.

ARRITA.

## THE YOUTH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

[Translated.]

"Man proposes, but God disposes."

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS DE CHATEAUBRIAND was born at St. Malo, in 1769, the same year with Walter Scott and Napoleon; he was one of the sons of Brittany, a province which has produced many brave men. His childhood commenced in the old dungeon of Combourg; it was from those towers blackened by time, which rise at the angles of this castle, that he first tried to view the world; before him he saw only the ever stormy sea of Brittany, beneath him only the eternal breakers, above him only a dark and monotonous sky.

Picture to yourself the opening youth of the young Francis Augustus; his long solitary walks near the domain of Combourg, his reveries on the shore of the stern ocean. There is, in this wild sadness of the sea-shore, something which seems to correspond to the subsequent Lamentations of René. It seems to me that in the cries of the fishermen of St. Malo, in the wailing notes of the sea-gull, I find, as it were, so many incomplete preludes of a harmony whose revelation will come in its season. This young child, this scion of a noble house, forgotten by his family, this gloomy scholar who keeps apart, and flies the noisy enjoyment of the gentlemen assembled at his father's feasts; no one understands the mysterious communion of his soul with maritime nature; but these interviews are prolonged through many years, and are, to him who enjoys them, the initiation into the art of poetry. An understanding which becomes powerful in proportion as society despises it; vigorous because it is strengthened within itself, fresh and lively, under circumstances which would seem most calculated to wither it.

He grows older, he attains that period of transition which precedes the age of manhood, and already his teachers at the colleges of Dol and of Kennes, and even his own family, have conceived the hope that he will take orders; but they mistook his calling. He himself chose the profession of arms. Fortunately the nobility of his birth allowed him to solicit an

under-lieutenancy, and to escort the carriages of the king. His family hastened to his aid, and besought for him so great a privilege. A few months later, the time would have been less favorable; it was 1789.

It seems a strange thing, and yet it is familiar to those who have been admitted to see the little weaknesses of great minds, that M. de Chateaubriand never seemed to have any intuition of what he was one day to become. Society was stirred up to its very centre by an intense fermentation, and he alone seemed not to see it; did he understand that his time was not yet come? that between the past and future wrestling together, there was as yet no place for him? Was he reserving himself purposely, or did he, as he seemed, live a factitious life? I know not. This is certain, that at this critical moment, the commencement of expiation for the monarchy and for the eighteenth century, Chateaubriand was one of those who saw not the abyss. He was a mere good-liver, a soldier with red boots. Happy in the protection of Parny, the friendship of La Harpe, the smile of Chamfort, the young Breton officer frequented the circles of wit, and inserted tolerable verses in the *Mercury of France*, and the *Almanac of the Muses*. This period was short; events were accomplished with too much noise not to be forced upon the attention of all. Chateaubriand had scarcely made his appearance in literary life, by means of an ode, entitled *The Pleasures of the Country*, when he was forced to see and acknowledge the approach of a revolution. The under-lieutenant of the regiment of Navarre did not understand, the first day, the bearing of this terrible movement: on the night of the fourth of August, he saw trodden under foot the privileges of his race; two months later, if his duty had called him that day to Versailles, he might have seen the decapitated trunks of the body guard, and the horrible cut-throat, Jourdan, bearing on the end of a pike the ensigns of anarchy. At these fearful symptoms, M. de Chateaubriand felt that his military career was forever ended; prophesying nothing good in these movements, he set out for the New World; at one time he seemed to have renounced the glory of literature only to seek for that of travel; the idea possessed his mind, of discovering the passage to the Indies by the north-west; for this new and

exciting thought, an energy, an enterprise was necessary beyond the ordinary strength of man. When he presented himself before Washington and begged him to encourage this audacious enterprise, the illustrious President of the United States replied only by a gentle smile. These two natures could not understand each other: later they would have admired each other.

Behold him then in those sublime forests, in the presence of that before unknown creation, on the bank of those noble rivers which flowed then in unbroken solitude; there the inward revelation of his genius awaited him. America restored to him, in full energy, those poetical instincts which had been thrust aside by the society of the dying century, and the frivolous amusements of the garrison. All that he had seen of the Old World, all, even his slight successes at the *Athenaeum*, had only disgusted him with actual life; he aspired to an ideal existence, a vague happiness; the exciting gratifications of pride, the Court, Paris, Versailles, the regiment, *Trianon*, none of these had satisfied the indistinct, but real desires of his soul; he felt himself insignificant in a petty world, and suddenly — oh happiness! his dreams took a form, his sweetest chimeras seemed likely to be realized, his existence expanded without obstacle in the bosom of immeasurable nature. He was a poet.

To tell what happiness to him, in the hut of the savage, and in the wigwam of the chief, how many times he smoked the calumet of peace with the old men of the tribe, and ran with the young ones, along the war-path, would pass the limits of this article; this time was but of short duration, but the impressions which it left in the heart of Chateaubriand were never effaced; they are to be observed in him throughout his whole life. Having read, in an English paper, the dangers which surrounded the throne of Louis XVI., and the imprisonment of himself and of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Chateaubriand considered himself recalled to France by the imperious voice of honor; he came and took part in the first attacks against emigration. In 1792, he served as volunteer, and fought with a bad gun without a lock, the only one which he could obtain. If this weapon was not very terrible, at least its wearer did not hesitate to expose himself in battle.

At Thionville, he was dangerously wounded ; to complete his misfortune, he was attacked by a contagious disease, dragged to Ostend, and placed dying in the corner of an inn in that town ; and there, had it not been for the charity of an old woman who relieved him and took care of him in his agony, he would have died a miserable death. But he lived, and fled to London, only to experience there, the horrors of poverty, hunger, cold, sickness and exile. Then, to support his deplorable existence, he gave French lessons and translated for some public library. Here was the second cause of his glory as a writer ; and, who would believe it ? the first production of his pen, one which cost him two years of study and labor, was a blasphemous complaint against Providence ! He entitled his book, *Essay on the Revolutions*. Alas ! who is there in the rude service of politics and literature, who did not in the beginning commit some error, who would not, at the price of a whole life of sacrifices, tear up and annihilate the pages of his youth ? Vain desires ! useless regrets ! those pages remain, a permanent accusation ! they exist, that the repentant Christian may be humble, that he may hesitate to judge and condemn, that the right to throw the stone at his brother, may not be his. The first work of Chateaubriand boldly denied the truths of faith ; it contained a repetition of all the guilty attacks of philosophy upon the Church, and gave the refreshing charm of talent to old and deplorable errors.

The mercy of God did not permit M. de Chateaubriand to persevere in this sad course ; God accumulated proofs on him who persisted in shutting his eyes to the light. Mme. de Chateaubriand, the mother of the exile, dying on a miserable couch, the only possession left her after the French Revolution, bequeathed to her son, as her only legacy, the prayer for his conversion. A few months afterwards, Mme. de Farrey, his sister, died, uniting her persuasions to the injunctions of their mother. "These two voices from the grave, the one death serving to interpret the other, struck me to the heart," wrote M. de Chateaubriand. "I became a Christian !"

Whether he became one in the full acceptation of the word, is a mystery which God and his angels only can solve, and which we must not examine into too closely. All which

propriety permits us to say, is that M. de Chateaubriand did, at least, from that time, understand the glory of religion, that he turned his steps towards that road by which he returned to God, and at length, it little matters when, it found Him. And certainly we should be very careful not to utter the preceding doubt, were it not necessary to the full understanding of the catholic and literary position of Chateaubriand, the part he took in the warfare between truth and error, and the place which his writings should occupy in the confidence of the Christian reader. We ought to know that all is not to be approved and believed, in the pages of the illustrious writer; and why? With an upright will, a praiseworthy thought, and the desire to serve the interests of the faith, he has not always justified his inward experience to the minds and hearts of simple and practical Christians.

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## CHRIST AMONG THE CHILDREN.

A SERMON, BY REV. F. A. FARLEY.

MATTHEW xix. 3. Then were there brought unto him little children that he should put his hands on them and pray.

I HAVE tried to image to myself our Lord among the children. As the gathering groups of those little ones clustered around him, I have endeavored in imagination to portray to myself the various emotions which beamed in their eyes and glowed on their cheeks as they looked up into the face of the divine Saviour. But what the Evangelists have not told, I shrink from attempting by any words of mine to paint; and prefer to leave mostly to your own imaginings, my brethren, this remarkable scene.

And yet I would say something about it, and to some practical purpose. It is obvious from the accounts of the Evangelists, that the children were "brought" to him; indeed, it is so expressly stated. It was not on his part a pre-concerted interview, or one even of his own seeking. Why, then, were they brought? St. Matthew tells us that "there

were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray." By reference to the Old Testament, you will find that the imposition of hands, when prayer was to be offered in behalf of another, was a form familiar to the Jews; and one which in such cases their ancient prophets constantly used. Accordingly, on an occasion previous to that which is under consideration, when the daughter of the Jewish ruler was dead, he came to Jesus and said — "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay thy hands upon her, and she shall live:" — which was equivalent to asking him as a prophet to come and pray over her that she might be restored to life. And St. Mark expressly tells us that in the case of the children, Jesus, at once meeting this requisition on the part of the parents, "took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them," or pronounced over them a prayer of intercession to the Father.

Still the question recurs, Why should these parents desire for their children the blessing of Jesus? It does not appear that they were among his avowed disciples, or believers in his Messiahship. Our Lord was at this time travelling from Galilee to Judea, that he might be at Jerusalem at the feast of the Passover. The Jews were gathering from all quarters, making, according to the requisitions of the Law, for the same point. At every principal town or station, and on the roads all along his route, he must have encountered multitudes on their way to the Holy City. His own progress, as well as the previous course of his ministry, had been marked wherever he went by numerous and stupendous miracles of healing. In several cases the subjects had been children; and they had been the occasions for manifesting his remarkable tenderness for children, and his ready sympathy with anxious or bereaved parents. He had cured the nobleman's son at Capernaum; and in the same city had restored to life the "little daughter" of Jairus. At the gates of Nain, he had raised the widow's son as they were bearing the body to burial; and at Cesarea Philippi he had healed the epileptic boy. It is easy to understand how the fame of these miracles must have spread, and excited everywhere the popular enthusiasm. It became evident to all that a "mighty power attended him;" and, surely, it were most natural, therefore, for those who had known that



he had removed diseases and recalled from death by his word, to come with their little ones to his feet and beg his blessing, that they might thereby be protected and spared from the perils which were in their way. Or, under the idea, perhaps, that he was a great prophet of God, like to, or more illustrious than, any whose names graced the national annals, they may have imagined that his prayers would prevail with Jehovah to bestow on them some special favors. On either supposition there would seem at a glance to have been sufficient reasons why they should bring their children to Jesus.

But how was this met? How, in the first place, by "the disciples"? St. Mark tells us, that "the disciples rebuked them that brought them." How soon had they forgotten the lesson of humility which their master had once given them, when in their foolish rivalry they had proposed to him the question — "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" On that occasion, when they were heated by the dispute in which they had been engaged, he called to him a little child; and having placed him directly among them, that they might be sure to observe him the more attentively, and notice the sweetness, gentleness and modesty of his appearance and demeanor, symbolizing the very traits and dispositions, however feeble and helpless in other respects, which were most dear to him, he declared, "Except *ye* — ye whom I have chosen from all the world — except even ye be converted, and become as little children, so far from any of you being greatest in the kingdom of heaven, ye shall not so much as enter it!" And giving them scarcely a moment to recover from their surprise, he added in the most emphatic and earnest manner — "Who-soever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, *the same* shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven!" Not contented with this, he declared that "in heaven their angels did always behold the face of his Father." And then, with characteristic tenderness, he took the child in his arms and said — "Whosoever shall receive, treat kindly, one of such children, receiveth me."

The very men, for whose sake he had thus affectionately made a little child the medium by which to inculcate upon them the need of "a perpetual spiritual infancy," a childlike, docile, modest and humble temper, were the first to rebuke

and drive back those anxious mothers, who now crowded together for the Saviour's benediction on their precious ones!

But how, on the other hand, was the overture of these parents met by our Lord? Precisely as might have been expected from One who had come upon the glorious mission of the Gospel to our race — the herald of a great dispensation of mercy to our lost and sinful world — the preacher of a religion of love to mankind. "When Jesus knew" that his disciples had rebuked them for bringing the children to him, "he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; — for of such is the kingdom of God!" It displeased him that his disciples were so deficient in tenderness and benevolence towards those whose innocence and helplessness should rather at once win the affectionate interest of their elders. He saw by the deportment of his disciples on this occasion, that they had sadly parted with some of those graces of childhood which lay at the foundation of the highest and most beautiful forms of Christian character. That modesty which mantles with crimson the cheek of innocence at the bare suggestion or suspicion of wrong — that artlessness which has no disguise, because it has no evil purpose or aim — that docility, which drinks in the lessons of experience or wisdom as it does a mother's milk — that simple and confiding affection, which finds its highest pleasure in willing service and obedience — that blessed aspiration, which delights in conscious progress, and arrays all that it has not reached in most attractive hues — all these traits of unsophisticated childhood, what are they but the germs of some of the noblest virtues of the most advanced and matured Christian? And, therefore, in the temper which could prompt that angry rebuke which "displeased" him, Jesus beheld how vast a work of discipline and self-culture lay upon those whom he had chosen, before they could rightly serve or honor the ministry to which he had called them. How little consciousness till now had they of that superhuman penetration with which Jesus looked into their hearts, and read the motives by which they were swayed! And how humbled they must have felt when Jesus not only "called those children unto him," but "took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them!"

There must have been beyond all doubt something especially winning and attractive in our Lord's manner to those little ones, whom he thus pressed in his arms and blessed. Who of us, as he has read the brief and simple account of the Evangelists, has not felt moved to exclaim, 'Oh that I could have witnessed that scene!' Indeed, there is something peculiarly touching, in the deep and evident interest which on this and on other occasions Christ manifested for children. But why should it not have been so? It seems, perhaps, at first thought, like a marvellous condescension that he, the Saviour of the world, who came "in the name of the Father" on a work more grand and august than had ever been entrusted to prophet or angel, should have bowed himself to the embrace of children, and made them the objects of his fondest benediction. But when you reflect that Jesus saw in every child the immortal elements of all that is most sublime and beautiful in character — the germs of a goodness which should never die, but become more and more perfect, allying the soul more and more closely to its God; when you consider, that in this world there is so much that is artificial and heartless, so much that is gross and grovelling and calculating and selfish and merely of the earth, among the crowds of our race that throng it, — the wonder ceases. Christ must have felt himself drawn to children by a peculiar charm.

Is there not something in all this, which should deepen *our* interest in children, and freshen and elevate the affection with which we are wont to regard them? To the true parent, they are not playthings to be trifled with, pets to be spoiled, or things and objects for mere whim and caprice. To the true man and lover of man, they are not objectless accidents which happen to be, and therefore to be regarded and treated as of no account beyond what the passing hour may suggest. By the parent, indeed, they are not only to be viewed as designed under God to be sources of richest joy on earth, but trusts, involving the weightiest responsibility. No pity can be too profound for that parent who counts his children as he would count his gold, only as so much property; who loves his children as he would love his horse or his dog, with scarcely a thought or care beyond his bodily need or his present welfare. No contempt can be too deep or strong for that man, who

recognizes in children no more than a generation which is to succeed their fathers; and toil and rest, and suffer and sport by turns, on the fields or the waters of life. Every child who wakes into existence, adds another being to the countless myriads on whom God would pour out His Infinite Love; another to the countless hosts for whom Christ lived and died. Every child called away in innocence and purity, becomes an angel of God's mercy to beckon and lead on those who survive him to the spirit-land, the eternal home of the blest. And, therefore, no parent, no man, on whom the light of the Gospel has shone, should regard the child with less interest than is proportioned to the magnitude of the ends for which the Saviour himself entered our world.

And, brethren, let me say in this connexion, that we are richly blessed in possessing a religion, which not only prompts us to provide for, but in its very spirit tells us *how* to provide for, the best culture and the truest enjoyment of the child. It gently lays its hand on that of the child, and leads him to his God. It whispers in the heart of the child, and speaks lovingly of heaven. It breathes upon his conscience, and wakens him to duty. It appeals to his intellect, and fills it with divine truth. It surrounds him from his cradle with an atmosphere of Love, keeping watch and ward over his affections, directing them to the noblest and worthiest objects, and fitting him to be the companion of angels and saints. Christ has ascended to his Father—but in his religion he is still among our children, and ready as ever to fold them in his arms and bless them. Would to God that we might be but faithful, and both by precept and example lead them to his presence.

On that happy Wednesday\* that has just passed, when everything in God's beautiful creation seemed smiling upon us and our children, and bidding us welcome through the livelong day, there were moments when I could not but look on those buoyant and lovely groups with emotions too big for utterance. The religion of the Saviour, however uncon-

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\*This sermon was preached on the Sabbath following the annual Rural Excursion of the Sunday School of the author's parish, on the twenty-sixth of June.

sciously to them, was the charm that had called, the spell that bound them together. The thoughtless looker-on might say, No—it was only the frolic of the hour. But not so. They were the children of the same church—they were the lambs of the same fold—they were the pupils of the same Divine Teacher, whose word was not only given them at their mothers' knee, but in the Sunday School; and, as such, therefore, with their friends and instructors, their parents and pastor, they were abroad together beneath the azure dome of God's great temple, and the foliaged arches of His summer forest. When their young voices lifted up their Hymn of Praise, or rung out merrily in their glad tones and shouts of joy—when they were bowed in prayer, or bounded in sport over hill and dale—at every act and word and look of kindness which they interchanged, I feel that a Gracious Father above, and a most tender Saviour, with the spirits of many a departed loved one who had once and again when in the flesh shared on that same spot in all, might in those sunny hours be bending over them in blessing. And more than once did I inwardly thank God for those blessed words of his Son, which for centuries have been the joy of the happy, the solace of the bereaved—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE.

Souls yearning for affection are constantly and everywhere seeking an object to love which can never change; they think they have found it in a book; but it is my opinion that it would be much better were they to become attached to nature, which is ever changing as we are. The most sublime book

but recalls to our minds its dead author ; the most humble plant speaks to us of its ever-living author ; besides, can the best work, produced by the hands of man, compare with the least produced by the power of God ? Art can produce thousands like Theocritus and Virgil ; but nature alone creates thousands of spots of diversified country, in Europe, in Africa, in the Indies, in the New World. Art carries us back to a period which exists no longer ; Nature moves onward, and bears us with her, towards her future. Let us then yield, as she does, to the current of time ; let us seek enjoyment in the water, the woods, the meadows, the sky, and in the changes of the seasons. Let us not, in our declining age, cast back our thoughts regretfully to our departed youth, but let us move onward with joy, under the protection of Providence, towards eternity.

The study of Nature is so various, that every child may find in it something which will develop his peculiar powers. It is said that D'Anville, the celebrated geographer, when he studied Virgil at school, devoted his attention wholly to the voyages of *Æneas*. It was to him an excellent book of travels ; all its poetical beauties were nothing to him ; he saw in the poet only a geographer, and thus foretold his own destiny.

But Nature is a more vast and extended poem than the *Æneid* ; let us leave every child to follow his own instinct in the study of it ; some advantage to society will certainly be the result. A meadow is sufficient for him ; it is a book with many leaves ; the botanist will see in it his species and genera ; the physician, healing herbs ; the painter, beautiful garlands ; the poet, delicious harmonies ; the warrior, a battle-field ; the peasant, hay-cocks ; but at that time of life when they will discover only coronals of flowers, let them crown each other with them ; the simple and innocent pleasures of childhood are of more value than the painful and jealous studies of men.

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## THE EPICUREAN THEORY OF LIFE.

BY REV. W. R. ALGER.

GAZING one pensive hour in the magic glass of meditation, which reflects whatever I wish or think, a strange and manifold vision was mirrored in its transparent depths, upon which I silently looked and pondered. Far away stretched an unequal field, diversified with every variety of scenery and of action. Here, were the cottages of mountain peasants who stood in the vale and shouted a hymn to greet the morning, and high up among the dreadful peaks I saw the wild-goat hunters poise and leap. There, were the great cities of civilization ; I could almost catch the murmur of debate from their senatorial halls and the tramp of hurrying feet from their pavements. In the foreground, husbandmen were tilling the soil, and placing corn under the fresh-turned furrow. In the distance, hostile troops strove in battle till half the host sank in blood where the flourishing grain shall spring up and shake its tall green ranks over their mouldering sleep. Yonder, from the quiet village church tripped a happy band, and in the midst of it, two, young and beautiful, bound together with roses. In a green and noiseless dell, beneath whose sod slept many weary mortals, before the headstone of a recent mound bowed a broken-hearted man who covered his face with his hands and refused to be comforted. By the sea-shore, stood a maiden with dishevelled hair, weeping bitterly and waving a last farewell to the swift ship which shall never be heard of more. In pleasant gardens and sunny fields innocent children sported among the flowers or joined in the chase of golden-winged allurements. Far away, on the bleak ridge of winter, tottering old men, leaning on their staffs, gazed upon the setting sun with many thoughts. And, scattered through all, sad, slow processions were laying the bodies of their beloved dead in the ground amid the wail of mournful winds and the rain-like fall of tears. And then I knew the vision, that that field was an epitome of the world, and that that busy scene was an image of human life.

Man's earthly life-time, then I reflected, still gazing on the wondrous mirror, is but threescore years and ten, when he



vanishes where the sun in all his journey shall not find him. And there can by no means be more than three theories purporting to explain the meaning, scope and purpose of this his life. One theory is, that in this his present life he can complete his destiny, leaving nothing more for him. This makes pleasure the end and aim of his being, and is the Epicurean Theory of Life. Another theory is, that he cannot here in this life fulfil any part of his real destiny; that unknown evil powers oppose and with insuperable obstacles entirely prevent the possibility of its fulfilment; that an all-controlling fatalism environs him and renders his labors useless, so that his only wisdom consists in passive submission to his fate, waiting for death to release him, that he may be enabled in some happier world, under different auspices, to work out the destiny which here baulks his efforts. This makes the idea of the present state of existence to be a torpid dream, or a ceaseless warfare against the body and all which surrounds it, and is the Mystic Theory of Life. The third and only remaining theory is, that in this world man can fulfil a part of his destiny, but not the whole, because it is endless; that he was placed here to commence an immortal career, that he can attain so much of his destiny now as will prepare him to take up on another shore, and pursue forever, the golden clue which falsely seems to be lost on the confines of this. This makes his present purpose to be cheerful, virtuous labor, fulfilling his duties in faith, in hope and in charity, looking forward to an unfading home in heaven, and is the Christian Theory of Life.

While I thus silently thought within myself, the scene in the mirror changed, and three visions swept across it one after the other. First there were beautiful meadows where all that is fragrant and lovely on earth seemed to flourish in profusion. Balmy airs, laden with perfume and refreshment, stole among fruits and flowers wafting their odors around and away. And over all lay the smile of a sunny heaven. There were sumptuous palaces where amid marble tables and flashing mirrors the dripping of ruby wine and the murmur and song of feasting and revel never ceased. Through groves and gardens and in the shade of pleasant trees were planted the bowers of beauty and echoed the invitations of pleasure. Pleasure was the goddess who ruled over this fairy land, and all the inhabitants

were her votaries. I saw them in gay bands as they roved from scene to scene, crowned with flowers, singing merry songs, and seeming to be free from toil and care. But beneath every rose was a thorn which pierced with anguish; and the refrain of their songs was of such piteous sadness as sent a pang to every heart and brought tears to every eye. And only the young and fair were happy; for the joy of pleasure soon palled, the delight of beauty swiftly fled, the golden fruit was earth when grasped and ashes when tasted. They turned dissatisfied from all they won to all they could not win, and ever and anon the air was heavy with the wail, "We are passing away; alas, we are passing away!" I saw as the youth grew old, that the roses which bound him withered and fell, his song became a moan, and he was left alone, to die,—the ashes of what had been, behind him; the darkness of infinite emptiness, before him; the sad memories of banished joys and the awful despair of 'There is no God,' within him. These were the Epicureans, and this was their world, their life and their death.

Next the scene changed to a vast desert whose trackless wastes of burning sand reached to the horizon. The sky was brass overhead and the soil was iron underneath. Across this scorching plain were scattered swarms of human beings. Some were stretched listlessly on the sand exposed to the blazing sun. Some stood with folded arms vacantly watching the lazy clouds. Others were lost in unmeaning reveries. Some were crawling on their knees for miles; some piercing their flesh with knives and inflicting every manner of pain on themselves. Here and there were verdant oases, blooming with flowers and fresh with fountains. But these they avoided, plucking no flower and drinking no draught. Idleness or torture ruled all. The chief aim was either to inflict every possible pang upon themselves or to destroy all their natural impulses and powers and sink themselves into complete passivity to whatever might happen, torpidly waiting for death to release them. They cared for nothing, worked for nothing, loved nothing; for man and all within him, the world and everything in it were entirely evil, and the work of demons. They took nothing, and did no toil for anything, but prayed for the end of their days; for all below was wickedness, vani-

ty and vexation of spirit. Their only hope was that a more auspicious lot awaited them in a future state of being. These were the Mystics, and this was their world and life as they are both in theory and practice.

Once more I looked into the mirror, and Life was represented there under the similitude of a journey which mankind were taking. In a secluded valley, shielded from storms, they began their march with joy and hope. As they advanced, laboring where they went, villages sprang up, harvests waved, cities rose, and the hum of business sounded around them. Still they moved on, sometimes through green and pleasant meadows,—and then they plucked the flowers and inhaled their sweetness with songs of thanksgiving; sometimes over rough and thorny roads with weary limbs and bleeding feet,—and then mutual love soothed their sufferings and the beckoning gleams of Paradise ahead inspired them with renewed energy; sometimes toiling through dust and heat with thirst and exhaustion,—and then they drank from flowing fountains, their sleep was sweet in the bowers of refreshment and God's banner over them was love; sometimes, pausing by the wayside graves of lover, friend, or companion, the tears of bereaved affection fell fast and hot,—and then sprang up from the sod the amaranth of immortality and they kept on their way with subdued rejoicing still; sometimes piercing the sharp thickets of temptation,—and then they overcame victoriously and their wounds were healed and they received honors; sometimes climbing the steep defiles and toilsome heights of self-sacrifice and denial,—and then they reached the mountain-tops of virtue where the air was fresh and the sky was clear and the prospect was glorious. I saw that no one was left unassisted and alone, but all were bound together, a band of brothers. And I saw, too, that the old and feeble were as happy and cheerful as the young; for their children's children gathered around them and called them blessed. And when the lamp of life went out they all looked to see it relighted beyond the stars, to burn forever more brightly than the gems of night. These were the Christians, and this was their life below.

These three pictures illustrate the different theories of life, according to which men live: that in this life man can *complete* his destiny; that he cannot accomplish any of it; that

he can attain a part of it but not the whole. There can be no other theory but these three. They are before you for your choice. Choose ye which is the most reasonable, which the most noble and becoming for a man to live.

And now let us examine more closely the first of these theories—the Epicurean view, which makes pleasure the only real good, the only wise aim of life and toil, exclaiming with a voice which vainly strives to be gay; “Come now, let us go to, drain the cup of mirth and bid dull care begone, for man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.” This discussion is of practical worth, because there is in every community a multitude of people who do actually live for pleasure and not for duty, their practice saying, “Let us eat and drink,” while their theory shrinks from adding, “for tomorrow we die.” There are many different kinds of Epicureans, men who live and work for different kinds of enjoyment, and who will doubtless be unwilling to be confounded together. Yet, in a general discussion like this, they must be, because with them all pleasure is the chief aim, the highest principle of conduct. They all have one and the same distinguishing characteristic: that is, they all consider the enjoyment of happiness, and not the service of virtue, directly and ultimately their end and aim. Here, for instance, is a man whose ideas of pleasure are for the most part confined to sensual gratifications. He accordingly indulges in every form of sensuality as much as he can, in order that he may be happy and enjoy life. Another man, of a higher order of culture than he, places happiness mostly in the enjoyments of the mind. He therefore devotes his time to poetry and philosophy, to science and art, in order that he may secure a life of pleasure. And still another, a man of strong benevolent affections and high moral principles, thinks that the deepest and purest pleasures flow from an unsullied conscience, from a kind and pure heart, and from generous deeds of charity. And so he worships God for the rewards of piety, and goes about doing good for the sake of the pleasure it affords. It is evident that they all agree in this, that their grand real pursuit is the enjoyment of the greatest possible amount of pleasure, each according to his conceptions of it. They act from selfishness, fear of punishment or expectation of pay, and are without merit.

If their circumstances allow it, they commonly pamper themselves with every variety of luxury to sloth and surfeit, and indolently loll away their useless lives in the enjoyment of ease. If they work, it is not that by their labor they may honor God and benefit man, but that they may reap a harvest which will enable them to live in splendor and idleness the rest of their days. If they investigate the relations of moral and scientific truth, it is not that they may thus discern and obey the will of God, but that they may enjoy the pleasures and powers of knowledge. If they are honest, virtuous, pious, and active in philanthropic works, it is not because that is their duty, constitutes their nobility and elevates them in the scale of being, but that they may enjoy the refined pleasures of virtue and usefulness. I do not say that there is no difference between these classes. There is a difference. But then it is a difference of degree not of kind, and they all deserve the same condemnation. The whole question is simply this. Did God create us and place us here in order that we might enjoy ourselves, or in order that we might obey the truth? Is pleasure, and not virtue, the all-absorbing purpose of this life in the intention of God? One consideration alone is sufficient at once to demonstrate the falsity of such a view. And that is, that if it were so, then God would have made the world a bed of flowers, a paradise of ease, flowing with milk and honey. He would not have allowed a vestige of hardship, denial, sorrow, temptation, or pain, in it. The existence of these facts demonstrates that the object of our life is the development of personal virtue by free persevering obedience to duty. Is pleasure man's highest law and wisest rule of life? The Epicurean says—all men of a low grade of character say—Yes; but the Christian says—and all noble men and martyrs, magnanimous heroes, sages and saints, join with God's word in saying—No.

The theory which we are now considering may be refuted in two ways. First, by proving the existence of a supreme law, independent of all considerations of enjoyment or suffering, which makes man's business not the enjoyment of pleasure, but the doing of duty regardless of consequences; which makes pleasure not the end, but the accompaniment of life and of labor. Secondly, by urging the

fatal objections which lie directly against it. In the present instance this latter mode of argument will be the most clear and satisfactory. The proposition to be sustained — a proposition of vital importance to be firmly accepted by every person — stated in plain terms, is this. He who makes the aim of his labors and life to be the pleasure he can enjoy, and not the duty he can do, is living upon a theory of life and acting upon a principle of conduct which are at the same time low, false, perilous and pernicious. The true idea of life is *not*, Get happiness, then you are sure of the main thing ; but, Do your duty, and then let come what come may. This is shown by the weighty consideration that every man may know what his duty is, while no man can know what will secure his happiness : having a conscience he may know the former ; being short-sighted he cannot know the latter.

The first objection to the Epicurean theory of life is that it proposes to man an aim which he can never be certain to attain, nor sure to keep. The true aim of life is one which every man can infallibly win, and surely possess forever. To dignify and adorn the immortal part of his being by fulfilling the duties which God imposes upon him meets this condition, and that alone. Happiness man cannot certainly secure nor safely keep, because it depends on a thousand chances beyond his power. But virtue, merit before God, this is in his own hands. The choice delights, the goodly treasures of this world have no certainty for the children of men, and there is no stability in them. Come, tell me now, how many millions have toiled all their lives, sacrificing health of body, peace of mind, and it may be the immediate jewel of their souls, for pleasures which they died without tasting ? And again, tell me how many have sighed for innocent poverty in their royal chambers, for a shepherd's crook on the green hill-side once more in their sumptuous palaces, and trembled on their voluptuous couches beneath a hair-hung sword which would not away ? And how many more, one day clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously, have the next day lifted up their eyes in hell, being in torment, and prayed for a drop of water ? No, there is no certainty in winning, no surety in keeping pleasure, but only in winning and keeping personal virtue. But, perhaps you say, happiness

may be safely secured by simplicity and virtue. I tell you nay, it cannot be with any certainty. I will describe you a man who represents not a small class in this world's experience; a man who from his youth up has been strictly honest, temperate and industrious. And still hardly anything but affliction seems to have fallen in his cup. He has eaten the bread of sorrow. False friends deceived him. His bosom companion deserted him. One by one his children went into the grave and left him desolate and broken-hearted. He was faithful in all his duties, but poverty came upon him like an armed man, and misfortunes came upon him like a troop. And at the close of life he had roamed through a harsh and thorny world, with neglect, cruelty, bitter trials and many tears. If he lived for happiness he was the most miserable of men: but if he lived for virtue, to do his duty and glorify God, happy is he now that the time of his departure is at hand.

The painter whose happiness is in the enjoyment of beauty, the musician whose life's joy is in the witcheries of melody,—deprived of sight and hearing by some accident,—where are their pleasures, their contentment? Tell me why they are so unhappy? The active, stirring man whose pleasure consists in the employment of his time in useful business and even in distributing comforts among the poor, confined to his chamber by tedious sickness, why is he so impatient and unsubmissive? Because in each case they live for pleasure, their last aim is to enjoy themselves,—that is the reason. There is nothing can give any man complete and sure contentment save doing his duty for its own sake and then submitting unreservedly to the will of God. Behold the anguish of that good old man who hardly ever did a wrong thing in his life, but whose gray hairs are now to be brought with sorrow to the grave through the misconduct of the child of his affections, who in an evil hour has committed a crime for which he lies in a felon's cell awaiting his execution,—and then say if happiness is in a man's own hands! No, but virtue is, and not pleasure but merit is the true end of life. The Epicurean theory of life is false, then, because it sets before man an aim which he can neither be sure to obtain, nor sure to keep if obtained.



Another overwhelming objection to this theory, selfishly seeking for pleasure instead of serving duty disinterestedly, is that it is the most mighty and prolific cause of discontent, misery and despair. It is chiefly because men think so much about pleasure, extol it so highly and live so much for it, that they so deeply feel its deprivation, so bitterly bewail its loss and so piteously sigh over the decaying senses which can no longer enjoy it. Hence come the touching pathos of melancholy, the mournful wail of regret, the despairing dirge of bereavement, which from the earliest age have formed the undertone of sound, personified by the poet with wondrous felicity as

"The still, sad music of Humanity."

He who lives the most exclusively for happiness is usually the unhappiest of men, and precisely for that reason; for he thereby places himself in the power of every petty annoyance, exposes his naked nerves to the sting of every insect trouble. But he who lives for duty is the most peaceful and independent, and precisely for that reason; for he thereby elevates himself, in a measure, above the reach of misfortune and failure, — he has his success and his peace, to a great extent, in his own hands. If men lived for duty, looking upon pleasure as an attendant and not the object of labor, they would be an hundred-fold less miserable, more contented and happy, than they are. If a man lives for happiness he will probably get misery, because his highest faculties are perverted or unemployed, and they will not let him be happy; but if he lives for duty he will be quite likely to get happiness, because he will earn and deserve it. The fact is, God's government is so wonderfully arranged that any false end in life defeats its own object and brings down its opposite. If men make ends of means, the means will ere long make an end of them. If they make the concomitants of labor its aims, they will suffer such woes as will make them look to their ways to find out the evil source. He who makes pleasure his grand aim claims happiness as his right, and if he is denied it, loudly accuses Providence of injustice, thinks himself cruelly treated, and soon chafes against the bonds of order and rebels against the laws of things. Then there is torturing doubt. Then there

is dreadful despair. If the purpose of the various discipline of life is develop virtue for the full glories of heaven by doing and bearing in allegiance to God, then we have a sufficient support under all trials. Otherwise we have none. Thinking happiness the great thing, what consolation has a man in misfortune and sorrow? Thinking pleasure the chief thing, what support has a man under pain and sickness? If enjoyment be the purpose of life, what comfort is there for the decaying powers and faltering strength of age? None at all. And hence it is from the Epicureans that the ranks of misery are ever swelled. The disciple of this theory deprived of one pleasure rushes to another, and taking enjoyment for the main thing, indulges in all its forms to excess. Met by calamity he plunges into the wine-cup's oblivion of cares, "and stuns his enemy at evening that she may rend him like a giant in the morning." It is principally from the false enjoyments and excessive indulgences to which living for pleasure, instead of living to do the will of God, leads, that the million ghastly shapes of human misery arise. A theory of life whose practical results are such, furnishing the loathsome haunts of disease with their swarms, the dungeons of despair with their victims, and the drunkard's grave with its gorge, must be as false as it is pernicious.

One more fatal objection to making pleasure the ruling pursuit of life is that such a course is thoroughly mean and selfish. To make pleasure the deciding motive of conduct is the very root and essence of selfishness. It does not carry one out of himself. Go to the bottom of the matter and it is exclusively personal. It disgracefully ignores the absolute moral law, and is incapable of recognizing the rights and happiness of others. Its legitimate motto is "Each for himself." It looks abroad, and says, "If *I* be happy, what matter?" Now the man who embodies this theory, can never deserve any honor, do what he may; for the central taint of selfishness pollutes all. If a bandit spares the traveller's life because he knows it is safer for him to do so, and because thereby he will get a heavy ransom for his release, does he deserve any credit? No; because he did not act from mercy or generosity or the dictates of conscience, but from the mere promptings of self-interest well understood. So the man who lives for happiness

and not for duty, the man who is pious, just, benevolent, for the sake of the rewards he expects, cannot deserve any honor. Virtue is not virtue that keeps itself pure for the pay it gets. Nor will the Epicurean accomplish any great work of honorable use, or be in any way a distinguished public benefactor. Selfishness and the narrow reach of his false philosophy rob him of the requisite breadth of view, generosity of spirit and energy of will. He has neither the motives nor the power to do works which shall benefit his age and country. He either feebly and indolently wears away his days in a round of enervating and insipid pleasures which waste his life and do nobody any good, or else he is a busy, plotting self-seeker, whose labors commence, centre and end in self, stretching out hands of blessing to no others. It is an objection of no small force to this theory that it so surely tends to make its disciples tame and useless, living and dying unloved and unhonored. To command the imperishable respect and win the broad honor of men requires a different character from any trained in the school of Epicurus. It requires a high-souled virtue which only asks what is duty and follows that through difficulty and peril and anguish, unblenching. Such were the great men who have worn the crown of true honor and swayed the sceptre of just power in the world. They have not been men who lived to enjoy themselves and take their ease. But when the syren voice of sense sang, "Man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat and to drink and to be merry," they seized their armor and sprang to their feet, crying, "It is false, to fear God and keep his commandments, obedient to duty, though the heavens fall, is better than pleasure." And as the principal benefactors of mankind pass before my mind's eye, I see that they were men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, pierced with thorns in their time, familiar with trials and tears, and marked with honorable scars from all the conflicts of self-sacrifice and honorable toil. Such characters as these the pursuit of pleasure could never produce, but ever tends to prevent, or to betray and destroy. Surely a scheme of life which starts from selfishness, fosters selfishness, ends in selfishness, and is selfishness itself, cannot be true, cannot be worthy either of God's providence or of man's destiny. Again, therefore, Epicureanism, in whatever shape or hue it

presents itself, must be rejected. Say not, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die;" but say, "Let us sacrifice and toil, for tomorrow we join the immortals."

There is still another objection to this theory of life, an objection the most decisive of all, perhaps. And that is, that there can be no security for the character of the individual who receives it, and no safety for the community in which it is professed. If the facts were known, more men sink into sin, commit crimes, practise vices, and are ruined, from seeking self-gratification than from all other causes combined. It is a theory most fatal in its influence upon private virtue and public welfare. When Principle is guarded by Pleasure, a small bribe will make the sentinel turn traitor! It is always dangerous to receive a false principle because there is in man a constant tendency towards consistency. What is first believed in theory is next applied in practice. And what would be the result if the Epicurean theory of life were consistently carried out in practice? Why, if pleasure be supposed the chief end of man, each person must decide what is for his happiness, no one can decide for another. Then the *supreme* object of each man's desire will be what *seems to him* pleasure, what *he thinks* will make him happy. And if between him and that object, as is not unlikely to be often the case, there be crime, why shall he not commit it? if honor, why shall he not violate it? if life, why shall he not take it? Evidently there can be no restraint but fear, and that we all know is not only a low consideration but an insufficient one. In the round of business, in the real struggles of life, just here is actually the weak point where sin successfully assails men. The breach in the soul's dyke of moral defence, where the ocean of temptation storms in, is pleasure. Truly, if happiness be the grand purpose of life, then everything else which may seem at any time to stand in the way must rightfully yield to that, be it personal friendship, fashionable honor, or the moral law. The only nobility or wisdom or safety of man is in a clear consecration to the doing of what is right and good, let consequences be what they may. Live, in the inmost emotions of your soul and in the outmost deeds of your action, according to this idea, and you will grow into contact and harmony with the will and being of God, with the regnant essences of the eter-

nal laws of the universe. Once say that our destiny is to enjoy pleasure, and with that word you unclench the manacles of the all-binding law, annihilate the meaning of obligation, set wide open the infernal gates, and overrun the earth with selfishness and terror and bewildering skepticism, and with growing disbelief of all spiritual sublimities. If the legitimate principle of this theory that happiness is the ruling aim in life were consistently practised, the reign of anarchy would be universal. For each man seeks his own happiness, of course, not another's. Then if another comes in his way, he will tear his possessions from him, and trample him in the dust. The strong would enslave the weak, might would make right; and the stupendous and beautiful fabric of Civilization would break from its moorings and float away beneath a starless vault on an ocean of blood. Thus the Epicurean theory of life, approach it from what quarter and examine it in what light you will, is found equally false in its premises and pernicious in its conclusion.

Be assured there is nothing will stand by you alike in joy and sorrow, in youth and age, nothing will be of any sure satisfaction to your souls, save the consciousness of duty done for its own sake, and the serene confidence of faith in God. The atheist, who has denied duty and made pleasure his god, is without hope when his step falters and his memory fails and his eye grows dim; for his faith is that his destiny is finished, and there is nothing before him but the darkness and horror of eternal sleep. At the close of life it is not what we have enjoyed nor what we have suffered, but what we have done and what we are, that we care for. And he only is happy who, being such an one as Paul the aged, can exclaim with that noble Christian as he stands on the chill brink of the river of death, just ready to plunge in, and casts a glance over the long, weary journey behind — "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

## THE TWO LULLABIES.

"Once songs as lullabies to thee I sung,  
To sleep hath sung thee now an angel's tongue."

RUCKERT.

A LOVELY babe was lying  
Upon its mother's breast,  
And she, with soft, low music  
Was hushing it to rest.

The song was sweet and gentle,  
And loving in its tone,  
And in its touching tenderness  
A mother's love was shown.

And still it floated onward,  
With melody so deep,  
Till, closed the dark-fringed eye-lids, —  
The baby was asleep.

And yet beside his cradle,  
She sang the same low hymn,  
Till he smiled as he was sleeping,  
At angel-fancies dim.

Years passed. The helpless infant  
Was now a happy boy;  
And often rang his laughter  
In notes of heartfelt joy.

Upon his mother's bosom  
I saw the child again,  
And his little head was drooping  
In weakness and in pain.

Back from his marble forehead  
Streamed the hair so golden bright,  
And yet his dark eyes sparkled,  
With more than mortal light.

And suddenly he whispered,  
"What music sweet I hear,  
'Tis not the song you used to sing  
At night, oh! mother dear!"

"But sweeter far, and softer  
Than notes you ever sung, —  
It is as if a silver bell  
Its pleasant chimings rung.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

5

It tells of rest, dear mother,  
Of slumber calm and deep,  
And I am worn and weary  
And fain would sink to sleep.

"Darkness is closing round me —  
You're fading from my sight —  
I hear it still — dear mother,  
Kiss me once more — good-night."

He slept, but angel voices  
Had sung his lullaby,  
And sweet shall be his waking  
In our Father's home on high.

T. N.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, JULY, 1850.

THE second anniversary of the Monument was celebrated by laying therein a handsome stone presented by "The City of Washington to its Founder," in cement made with sand from Kosciusko's tomb. It was a hot and brilliant day, but the crowd under the great awning found the air fresh and pleasant; and the festivities of the day passed off uncommonly well. At night Prof. Grant's calcium light gleamed like an enormous star down the avenue, or blazed with intolerable splendor when thrown from the Capitol pediment directly upon the crowd below — sending a great cone of beams through the clear night, and a bright aurora up into the air when hid behind the houses. It was a very brilliant and successful experiment among the new lights of 1850.

The President was remarked in the gatherings of people pleased and benignant as he always was, and zealously interested in the proceedings of the day. The next day he was taken ill. On Saturday evening the music, which plays once



a week in the charming grounds south of the White House to just such a gay multitude as we hear of in the Champs Elysées, was removed further from the house, that it might not disturb him. On Sunday, inquiries began to be made from mouth to mouth, and it was generally known that he was ill. Monday morning, we were told of a conference of physicians held at three o'clock, who freely reported that he was "very ill." In the afternoon the reports were better, and at night worse again. The Tuesday morning papers reported alarming changes; and at night he died.

It is a little remarkable that the last two Presidents chosen by the dangerous prestige of military renown, should have been chiefly known personally for modesty, simplicity and humanity. General Taylor's policy has been asserted to be more uniformly and consistently peaceful, than any other man was likely to have followed in the same circumstances, or than that of either of the last three or four administrations. However that may be, I do not think any one ever met him without forgetting all about the General, in liking the man. In manner and appearance, he was like no one so much as some good farmer-grandfather—as easy and good-humored as he has ever been represented, and as free from all pretension. What accomplishments he had were of a sturdy and practical sort. When a newly-invented plough was exhibited here a few months ago, no one could draw so clear and straight a furrow as he. With an English gentleman who was my guest last spring, he conversed of the qualities of English and American soil, lamenting the degeneracy of ours, (meaning of course in the South); and surprised him with the genuine republicanism of not only begging his visitors to be seated, but going himself to bring them the heavy chairs. In his visits to inspect a garrison, when a frontier commander years ago, he would put the embarrassed hostess at her ease in a moment, and leave that one impression of himself which never left any who had once seen him. To a friend of mine who was with him a few days in a steamboat on the Mississippi, not long before his election, he spoke very freely of the great evils of Slavery, and especially of extending it beyond its present bounds; and curiously enough, by simple straightforwardness and good faith, came to be the main stay and

refuge of the party of "freedom" — i. e. of course as a *working* party, hoping to accomplish a given object in the present condition of affairs.

The last time I saw him, he took that good-humored notice of the little girl in my arms, which made her, when she went to hear the music again, ask to have General Taylor pinch her face again, and speak to her. And his thorough enjoyment of the Saturday evening scene in his garden, going about as he did to talk with his friends and notice little children, was to every body one of the particular pleasures of those occasions. He had no talent whatever for display. His first address to the citizens the night of his arrival in Washington — a few words good naturedly but rather awkwardly spoken — it would have been an unkind caricature to report verbally; and his inaugural speech was delivered in the unskilful fashion of an embarrassed school-boy. When we paid our respects to him at his lodgings, his manner was that of an assiduous usher, to introduce us to the ladies of his company, — wholly unsuspecting, apparently, that we had a thought of seeing him. And at the same time, persons not unwonted to the most brilliant society, have been entirely captivated with the unpretending ease and simplicity of his ways, and expressed themselves with a sort of enthusiastic admiration of his perfect good breeding. It must have been that natural politeness, which in some men runs almost exactly parallel with the best that is conventional. And so, from persons who have known him for years as a neighbor, or fellow-officer, or superior, to those who have casually met him a single evening at the White House, along with some diversity of estimate as to his intellectual power, always one and the same opinion of his personal qualities. And to crown the whole, we have just seen it stated that he was fully as popular in Mexico as in this country, and was looked on as a friend and protector of the people there; and when General Scott's sterner discipline would not spare that unlucky company of deserters, the Mexican women, whose hearts were full of pity, were sure that "good General Taylor, whom all the Mexicans loved," would have granted the mercy which they begged.

The Monument is already between sixty and seventy feet high. Delaware, the first to adopt the Constitution, is repre-

sented in it by an elaborate medallion head of Washington, wrought, with a suitable inscription, in a large piece of basalt. This is flanked by two noble blocks of stone bearing the simple names of Maine and Arkansas. The California block of gold quartz has just arrived; and Michigan has made her appropriation of a solid mass of native copper, with a raised inscription in native silver. Thus the unique monumental character of the structure is beginning to be developed. The marble-cased obelisk, six hundred feet in height, is merely the shell of an enormous vertical cavern, to be lined with memorials of every sort in stone to the number of several hundred in all, crowned with a pyramid of glass, if this be feasible, and lighted with gas to the brightness of day. Before this is finished, (which may be in ten or fifteen years,) all the premature affliction or apprehension on the score of the unwieldy columned structure at its foot will have passed away doubtless, with all relics of the intention of it.

The Cumberland Canal is veritably done—the lone commercial hope of the capital—and Washington's anticipation, or a part of it, for the valley of the Potomac, seems in a fair way of being fulfilled. This is the great work which so damaged for a time the State credit of Maryland. It was begun on a grand scale—sixty feet wide and six feet deep—which made it about twice as costly as the Erie Canal; and an expensive branch was carried through the city here long before any use could be made of it. So that funds which ought to have carried the work through to the coal region, left it half way—a splendid beginning of no profit to the State and of some loss to the State's creditors. Well directed energy, for which we owe something to the East, has carried it through at last, to revolutionize the coal-trade of the coast—at any rate to make its mark, among other things, on the prosperity of this region. And I register it, accordingly, among the steps of the city's growth.

J. H. A.

## HAPPY CHILDREN.

HAPPY children! How I love ye!  
Ye are always bringing to me  
    Pleasant faces,  
    Winning graces,  
Life's picture-side revealing.  
Ye are cheering beams of light!  
Shooting through the tedious night!  
The night of toil, the night of care,  
Which our maturity must bear.

Ye blot the years from off life's track,  
And carry me to Eden back,  
    With artless smiles  
    And cunning wiles,  
Ye take my grown-up heart away!  
Innocent ye are, and free!  
Full of pranks and jollity!  
Sporting in the sun of gladness,  
Antidotes ye are to sadness!

As through life's pasture-fields we pass,  
Fair flowers ye are amongst the grass!  
    Pure and living;  
    Fragrance giving  
To the atmosphere around.  
Messengers of love to man —  
Ye are doing all ye can  
To quell within him earthly strife,  
And lead him back to simple life.

Your joy — a bright electric spark —  
Consigns old sages to the dark.  
    Loving teachers!  
    Wiseest preachers!  
Rosy tints of morning light!  
Playing round the cottage-door,  
Or on tessellated floor;  
Half-waking up in manhood's mind  
Sad thoughts of something left behind.

Visions of beauty! Sweet home-dreams!  
To earth-dimmed eyes, Heaven's brightest gleams!

Looks so sunny,  
Arch, and funny,  
Speak of something half untold.  
Blessings scattered here and there!  
By the wayside every where!  
Ye tempt our hearts, from cares of earth,  
To join you in your careless mirth.

Wisdom and toil can ne'er recover  
The blessed light that's thrown all over  
Your ringlets fair  
Of golden hair,  
Your dimples, and your laughing eyes,  
Kills of immortality  
From a fount of mystery!  
Sweet echoes to our souls are ye,  
Of some forgotten harmony!

Manhood vainly strives to find  
Truths that lie within your mind.  
Ever gleaning  
Deepest meaning  
From your look of childish wonder:  
He would fain come near your soul,  
And the inner-chart unroll:  
Sound with earthly line your being,  
Never satisfied with seeing.

But the pure soul's encircling haze  
Protects ye from his curious gaze:  
Intent on play,  
Ye bound away,  
Knowing naught of this defeat:  
Or, toys and playmates all forgot,  
Busied with some passing thought,  
Seem smiling on the waveless sea  
Of spiritual immensity.

The world, without ye, would go wrong!  
Living notes of Nature's song!  
With passing fears,  
And transient tears,  
Ever new, yet still the same!  
Meekest, greatest of earth's seers!  
Little glad philosophers!

O! Teach me like yourselves to be  
Earnest, single, true and free!

S. F. C.

*West Roxbury.*

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

WE had carefully read the remarkable work of Miss Beecher with this title, some time before we had reason to know, on the author's own authority, that she wished it to receive public notice from the periodical press. She has recently decided that fidelity to the principles she has thus undertaken to advocate, requires the utmost agitation of the subject, and, to that end, the widest circulation of her volume. The unpleasant and disgraceful matter that has engaged her in the defence of a slandered and insulted woman, can be stated in very few words. As set forth in this volume, a young student of theology, just licensed to preach, has amused himself by playing the gallant to a single woman considerably older than himself, of a great deal of talent and goodness; he has sought and gained her acquaintance; he has pursued her from place to place, dangled her on his arm, poured the story of his fondness into her ears, been rebuffed, grown melancholy, begged to be permitted to see her again, been permitted, looked into her face ten consecutive weeks at a watering place, and then, lo! for some cause unexplained by any body, he has gone coolly back to his books, and declared to his friends he never cared a fig for the lady, exposed her private notes to ridicule, laughed in her brother's face, and furthermore declared she indecorously solicited an introduction to him and subsequently offered her hand to him five times! Now, the deduction from these facts, supposing them to be facts, is plain and simple. This young man is a villain, a coward and a liar. The proper treatment of him, would be, obviously, (*legibus silentibus*), to take off his black coat and flog him soundly all the way from New Haven to Brattleboro', — the two *termini* of his love-sick adventures.

Instead of this, what is done? According to Miss Beecher's account, which bears the internal marks of veracity, to say nothing of her own standing and the risks of exposure, the precious rascal has some influential friends, male and female, holding a high social position, and the principal offices of a University. These persons listen to his calumnies, circulate his falsehoods, wax bitter against the lady, refuse an investigation of the matter by referees, and after being driven to an ecclesiastical examination, very shabbily and informally conducted, virtually excuse the atrocious criminal on a close and partial vote, by deciding to offer him a "paternal admonition for indiscretion."!

We have been sorry to write down certain words that occur in this notice. But any other words would be untrue to the case. The English language supplies terms exactly fitted to every species and shade of moral conduct. To discard those that precisely fit the subject from mere squeamishness, is a species of falsehood. We repeat dis-

tinctly that our judgment in the matter rests on the uncontradicted authority of a book that has been many weeks before the public, and depends on the correctness of that.

But, according to his own account, the young man is a hypocrite. Suppose the lady had been and done what he falsely represents, his continued devotion to her puts him into a most singular position.

It is no longer a secret, we suppose, that these events have transpired in and around Yale College. The names of the parties are well known, though not given in the book. One thing is certain:—honorable as the reputation of the gentleman arraigned on these grave charges is, it is not a whit more honorable than that of the intelligent and philanthropic author of this work; the sister and principal educator of six eminent ministers. Her friend, the injured woman, we have ample reason to believe as excellent a person as any Doctor of Divinity or Theological Professor. Her letters are written with much power, and in beautiful English. Precisely what her degree of wisdom would be in the management of such an affair as this, can be known only to her nearest friends; as also the measure of her skill, tact and prudence in her intercourse with such a contemptible popinjay as this pretender to the pulpit. No reader of any sensibility can fail to be deeply moved by her anguish of spirit, and her terrible sacrifices. One cannot help thinking what a perfect windfall this romance and tragedy of "facts" will be to the sedate and proper people that never suffer a fiction in their houses.

As yet, only one side is heard. We are waiting for the other. In our judgment, if these learned men and Christian ministers have any vindication to offer for themselves, it is time they were stirring in it. They are getting a character they can ill afford, wherever the tale of this great wrong has gone, and as fast as a gifted, enterprising and determined woman can fix it upon them.

Miss Beecher sincerely regards herself as an advocate of common justice, and the Providential exposé of a gross outrage upon her whole sex in the person of her friend. She intends to rouse ministerial associations to action, till she brings public opinion to bear upon the offenders for their suitable correction. We trust she is mistaken as to the extent to which such inexpressible meanness and treachery towards women are practised by men.



## INTELLIGENCE.

**ORDINATION OF AN EVANGELIST.**—Mr Francis Le Baron, late of Plymouth, Mass., was ordained as an Evangelist, at the Church of the Unity (Rev. Mr. Hale's,) Worcester, Mass., July 3, 1850. The services of the evening which begun at 7½ o'clock, were:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Warren Burton; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. G. M. Bartol; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Kendall; Charge, by Rev. W. B. Greene; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. E. E. Hale; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Alonzo Hill.

Mr. Le Baron has been appointed Chaplain of the County Jail, and Minister at Large in the city of Worcester. Rev. Warren Burton leaves Worcester, we hear, to devote himself, as a lecturer, to the cause of the moral education of the young.

**DEDICATION AT LOWELL.**—The new church erected by the Society under the pastoral charge of Rev. Mr. Barry, and standing on Lee street, in Lowell, was dedicated July 10th. The Sermon was preached by the Pastor; in the evening a discourse was delivered by Dr. Gannett. An interesting conference was held in the afternoon.

**AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.**—Rev. Calvin Lincoln, of Fitchburg, has obtained leave of absence for a year, from his parish, that he may during that time, discharge the duties of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. All interested parties have reason to rejoice that the services of so devoted and conscientious an officer have been secured for this trying post. The late hardworking incumbent is travelling in Europe.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.**—All accounts represent this occasion, held June twenty-seventh, as full of interest to the liberal public, and full of promise to the future prospects of the School. The Annual Sermon, a very able and appropriate performance, was preached

by Rev. A. P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N. H. The exercises and subjects of the graduating class were as follows: "The Resurrection of Christ," by William Bradley; "The Field is the World," by Bryan J. Butts; "Christian Union," by Ammirus Darrow; "Francis Xavier," by William A. Fuller; "The Psalms," by Sawyer A. Hutchinson; "The Doctrine of Election," by John Orrell; "The Pulpit—a Throne," by George W. Webster; "The Pastor," by John McCarty Windsor.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.**—On the evening of the fourteenth of July, Rev. John Weiss preached the Annual Sermon before the graduating class of the Divinity School. His subject was God's method of spiritual development in the history of the human family, and the conditions of gaining spiritual light and life, or direct inspiration. Taking the preacher's point of view, the treatment was skilful and interesting.

The address before the Association of Alumni, was by Rev. Dr. Gannett, on Ministerial Devotedness;—a spirited, fervent, direct discourse, in the best manner of its eloquent author.

The Dissertations of the class on Visitation Day were written in excellent style, and delivered with animation. They were as follows: "The Hebrew Prophet," by Mr. Amory Battles; "Does Free Inquiry in Religion diminish the Influence of the Clergy?" by Mr. Charles J. Bowen; "The Reformation in the English Church in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Mr. Charles E. Hodges.

#### PARISHES AND PREACHERS.

REV. DR. BARRETT, of Boston, an honored laborer, is on a visit to the Old World, carrying with him the affectionate Godspeed of a parish long edified and strengthened by his devotedness. The same is true of Rev. Dr. Hall of Providence. Rev. William Mountford has received invitations to settle, from the Unitarian societies in Gloucester, and in Keene, N. H., neither of which has yet been accepted. Rev. Samuel Pettes, Jr., supplies at Billerica for a year. Rev. F. A. Farley, and Rev. W. P. Lunt, together with Rev. George W. Blagden, Rev. Joseph Torrey and Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge, at the late Commencement. The Warren Street Chapel had a successful Fair and Sale of flowers on the Fourth of July. The parish at Greenfield, by throwing all their pews into auction at the beginning of the season, have gathered a good congregation, roused an excellent spirit, and are now hearing candidates with reference to some permanent arrangement for the pulpit. The present editors of the "Christian Inquirer" are Rev. Samuel Osgood and Rev. H. W. Bellows, New York; Rev. J. F. Clarke, residing for the benefit of impaired health in Pennsylvania; and Rev. F. H. Hedge of Providence, R. I.